

flying away with a young chicken in its claws, Amintor perceived it almost as soon as it rose from the ground, and taking up a stone, as you see in the picture, he threw it so nicely that he hit the kite on the belly, so that he was glad to drop his prey, which fell to the ground.

“ These kites (said Amintor to his sister) are as great enemies to the birds and chickens, as the foxes are to our lambs. You remember Parson Stubbs told us, that nothing is made in vain; else I should think, that there is no occasion for those animals that only live upon the industry of others, and have no other visible way of living than by plunder and rapine.”

“ What you say is very true, my dear brother, (said Florella) but you know, that birds of various kinds pick the seed out of the ground almost as soon as it is sown, and thereby do a great deal of injury to the farmers, who frequently

quently shoot these birds; yet it is well known, that were it not for these very birds, the ground would swarm with insects, and the air with flies, which these pretty birds devour, and thereby in a great measure preserve our crops. It is but reasonable, that these pretty birds should have something for their labour as well as we; and if they eat our corn, we in return eat them.”

Amintor picked up the poor chicken, which was very much hurt, and gave it to his sister, who plucked a little grass, put it into her basket, and the chicken upon that. As they knew it belonged to 'Squire Simpson, they carried it to him, and he was highly pleased at their saving this chicken, as it was one of a very valuable game breed. The 'Squire gave them a large piece of cake and some ale, filled their basket with one thing or other for the old shepherd and their mother, and asked them to come the next day,